

CYMBELINE.

A

14.

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-S-ROYAL

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Cymbeline.

Cloten.

Posthumus.

Arviragus.

Guiderius.

Bellarius.

Philario.

Iachimo.

Caius Lucius.

Pisano.

Frenchman.

Cornelius.

1 Gentleman.

2 Gentleman.

W O M E N.

Queen.

Imogen.

Helen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

The S C E N E partly in Rome, partly in Britain,

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I.

S C E N E, a Palace.

Enter Pisanio and a Gentleman.

Pis. YOU do not meet a man but frowns.
Our looks

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
But seem, as does the king's.

Gent. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger, to ask that!
His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.

She is wedded,
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Gent. None but the king?

Pis. There is not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing he scowl at.

Gent. And why so?

Pis. He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her) is a creature, such
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him, that should compare.

Gent. His name and birth?

Pis. That I can well inform you, having liv'd
A faithful servant in the family.
His father was Sicilius, who serv'd
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
And gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus.
He had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o'th'time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which their
father,

Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady
Eg of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Receiv'd him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered;
His sowing became a harvest: he liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd;
A temple to the youngest; to th' more mature,

A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.

Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
But to my mistress, is she the sole child to the king?

Pis. His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old,
I'th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Gent. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them——

Pis. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet it is true, Sir.

Gent. I do well believe you.

Pis. Here comes my lord,
The queen, and princess. You must forbear.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, good Posthu-
As soon as I can win the offended king, [mus,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day,

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,

Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my love,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—Yet I'll move him

[Aside.]

To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, my love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,

[Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep thee on: and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss: for in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O the gods!

When shall we meet again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my
sight;

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court:
I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

Pisano, go see your lord on board. *[Exit Pisano.]*

Cym. O disloyal thing,

Thou should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare,
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my play-fellow, and he is
A man worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! would I
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Posthumus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience: peace,
Dear lady daughter; peace, sweet sovereign:
Make yourself some comfort,
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish,
A drop of blood a day, and being aged,
Die of this folly.

[Exit.]

Queen. Fy, fy, you must give way—
Pisano,

Enter Pisano.

Your faithful servant, and I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness. *[Exit Queen.]*

Imo. Well, good Pisano.

Thou saw'st thy lord on board; what was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas his lovely princess.

Imo. Then wad'st his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I;
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how flow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; till the dimi-
nution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then,
Then turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisano,
When shall we hear from him?

[Exit.]

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him
swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest in his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, or midnight,
T'encounter me with oraisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. See the Queen!
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. *[Exit.]*

Enter Queen, and Cornelius with a Phial.

Queen. Now, master doctor, have you brought
those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay;

But I beseech your grace, without offence,
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? I will but try the force
And vigour of thy compounds, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their virtues and effect.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal; upon him [Aside.
Will I first work. He's, for his master's sake,
An enemy to my son. A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; [Aside.
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. [To Pisanio.

Cor. I will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile,
But there's no danger in that shew of death,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh reviving. She is fool'd,
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time,

She will not quench, and let instruction enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp; and what shalt thou expect,
To be dependent on a thing that leans;
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends
So much as but to prop him? Thou takest up

[Pisanio looking on the *phial*.

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
It's a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pry thee take it,
It's an earnest of a farther good,
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself;
I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: think on my words.

I have given him that, [Aside.
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of seldgers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except the bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too. Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Think on my words. [Exit Queen.

Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.
Breath he is at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son;
O! Leonatus in young Posthumus:
Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st, the while,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
Another hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband!—Heaven keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

SCENE, Philario's House in Rome.

Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman, at a Banquet.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain;
He was then but crescent, not exprest to prove
Worthy as since he has been allowed the name
Of. But I could then have look'd on him without
The help of admiration, though the catalogue of his

endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less fur-
nish'd than now he is.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very
many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes
as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daugh-
ter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her va-
lue, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great
deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep
this lamentable divorce under her colours, are won-
derfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her
judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat,
for taking a beggar without more quality. But how
comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps
acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to
whom I have been often bound for no less than my
life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained
amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your know-
ing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all
be better known to this gentleman, whom I com-
mend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How
worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, ra-
ther than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in
Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for
courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay
still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I
was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it
had been pity you should have been put together
with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon
importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young
traveller; but, upon my mended judgment, (if I of-
fend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not
altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament
of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the
difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in
publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer
the report. It was much like an argument that
fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of
our country mistresses. This gentleman at that
time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affir-
mation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste,
constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any
the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentle-
man's opinion is by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours
of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I
would abate her nothing; though I profess myself
her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand in
hand comparison, had been something too fair, and
too good, for any lady in Britain: if she went out
before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours
out-lustres many I have beheld, I could believe she
excell'd many; but I have not seen the most pre-
cious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my king.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Peff. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Peff. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you.

Peff. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n, too: so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Peff. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt but you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Peff. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress. Make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Peff. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate, to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something; but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein, too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Peff. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Peff. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment, too! [*Angriſhly.*]

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Peff. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Peff. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Peff. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope?

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Peff. Will you? Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one; if I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are

mine, so is your diamond, too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she, your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Peff. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only thus far you shall answer: If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate; if she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made on her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and I'll straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Peff. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Peff. and Iach.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, a Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a stepdame false! A foolish suitor to a wedded lady; That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated Vexations of it—Had I been thief stol'n, As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable Is the degree that's glorious. Blessed be those, How mean so'er, that have their honest wills, Which seasons comfort. Who may this be!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, Comes from my lord, with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,

You're kindly welcome.

[*Reads aside.*]

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich! If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend; Arm me, audacity, from head to foot.

[*Aside.*]

Imogen reads.

He is one of the noblest natures, to whose kindnesses am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him, accordingly as you value your trust.

Leonatus

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully— You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I Have words to bid you; and shall find it so, In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch, and the rich scope Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones Upon the humbled beach; and can we not Partition make 'twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be th' eye; for apes and monkeys 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, at

Contemner with mowes the other.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Jach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
Savering first the lamb,
Lungs after for the garbage—

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus wraps you? Are you well?

Jach. Thanks, Madam, well. Beseech you, Sir,
Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and sheepish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

[Exit Pis.]

Imo. Continues well my lord
His health, beseech you?

Jach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Jach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome. He is call'd
The Britain reveller.

Imo. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Jach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman, his companion,

That it seems much loves

A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces

The thick sighs from him; while the jolly Briton,
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries
oh!

On my fides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,

What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse

But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Jach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,

And hear him mock the Frenchman.

But Heaven knows, some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Jach. Not he. But yet, Heav'n's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents,

While I am bound to wonder, I am bound

To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Jach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

Imo. Look on me. What wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Jach. Lamentable! What,

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace

The dungeon by a snuff!

Imo. Pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Jach. That others do,

Was about to say, enjoy your—but,

'Tis an office of the gods to 'venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,

These doubting things go ill, often hurts more

To be sure they do) discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Jach. Had I this cheek

Smother my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,

Every touch, would force the feeler's soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which

Prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)

Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs

That mount the capitol! join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood as with labour;

It were fit

That all the plagues of hell should, at one time,
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Jach. And himself: Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,

That from my mute's conscience to my tongue

Charm this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Jach. O, dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity. A lady

So fair, and fasten'd to an empyr

Would make the great'st king double! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition

Which your own coffers yield!

Be reveng'd,

Or she that bore you was no queen, and you

Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?

As I have such a heart, that both mine ears

Must not in hate abuse. If it be true,

How shall I be reveng'd?

Jach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priestesses, 'twixt cold sheets,

Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps

In your despatch? Revenge it.

[Kneels]

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,

More noble than that runagate to your bed,

And will continue fast to your affection,

Still close as fure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!—

Jach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far

From thy report, as thou from honour; and

Solicit'st here a lady, that disdain

Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!—

The king, my father, shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,

A faucey stranger in his court to mart

As in a Romish stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court

He little cares for, and a daughter whom

He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!—

Jach. O, happy Leonatus, I may say!

The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness,

Her assur'd credit: blessed live you long,

A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever

Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance

Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,

That which he is new o'er; and he is one

The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,

That he enchants societies unto him:

Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Jach. He fits 'mongst men like a descended god;

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most mighty princeſſe, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report ;
The love I bear him,
Made me to ſan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chafteſt. Pray your pardon ?

Imo. All's well, Sir ; take my power i'th' court
for yours.

Jach. My humble thanks ; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myſelf, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what iſt ?

Jach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The beſt feather of our wing) have mingled ſums,
To buy a preſent for the emperor :
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done,
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their value's great ;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtorage. May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their ſafety : ſince
My lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my chamber.

Jach. They are in a coffer,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night ;
I muſt abroad, to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Jach. Yes, I beſeech you : or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia,
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow.

Jach. O, I muſt, Madam ;
Therefore, I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe,
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-ſtaid my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write :

Send your coffer to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had ſuch luck ? When
I kiſſ'd the jack, upon an up-caſt, to be hit away !
I had an hundred pounds on't ; and then a whoſon
jackanapes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I
had borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not
ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? you have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke
it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is
not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha !

2 Lord. No, my lord : nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog ! I give him ſatisfaction !
Would he had been one of my rank ! Pox on't, I
had rather not be ſo noble as I am ; they dare not
fight with me, becauſe of the queen, my mother.
Every jack-flave hath his belly-full of fighting, and
I muſt go up and down, like a cock that nobody
can match.

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould under-
take every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No ; I know that : but it iſt I ſhould
commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it iſt fit for your lordſhip, only.

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Clot. Good-night to your majeſty, and gracious
mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern
daughter ? Will ſhe not forth ?

Clot. She vouchſafes no notice ? but I will aſſail
her, before morning, with maſk and muſic.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him ; ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Enter Meſſenger, and whiſpers the firſt Lord.

Queen. You are moſt bound to the king,
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

1 Lord. So like you, Sir, ambaffadors from Rome ;
The one iſt Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now ;
But that's no fault of his. Our dear ſon,
When you have given good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen and us, we ſhall have need
T'employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear th' embaffy.

Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt king and queen.*]

1 Lord. Did you hear of another ſtranger that's
come to court, to-night.

Clot. Another ſtranger, and I not know on't ?

2 Lord. He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows
it not. [*Aſide.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought
one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus ! a baniſh'd rascal ; and he's
another, whereſoever he be. Who told you of this
ſtranger ?

1 Lord. One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there
no derogation in't ?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore cannot
derogate. [*Aſide.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian, and if he'll play,
I'll game with him ; and to-morrow, with our
Father, we'll hear the ambaffador---Come, let's go.

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordſhip.

[*Exeunt Clot. and 1 Lord.*]

2 Lord. That ſuch a crafty devil as iſt his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs ; a woman that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of iſt a large Trunk.

Imogen iſt diſcovered reading in her Bed, a Lady
attending.

Imo. Who's there ? My woman, Helen ?

Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam-----

Imo. What hour iſt it ?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then ; mine eyes
are weak ;

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed---
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canſt awake by four o'clock,
I pr'ythee call me---Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

From ſairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye.

To your protection I commend me, gods. [*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the coffin.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus [sense
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss—'Tis her breathing
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peek her lids,
To see the inclosed lights now canopy'd
Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct---But my design's
To note the chamber---I will write all down:
Such, and such pictures---there the window---such
Th' adornment of her bed---the arras, figures;
Why such, and such---and the contents o'th' story---
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich my inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off----

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole, cinque-spotted---like the crimson drops
I th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make.
More---to what end?
Why should I write this down that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory! She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up---I have enough;
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear its raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time.

[*He goes into the trunk, the scene closes.*]

S C E N E, the Palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
Ireland, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold so to lose.

Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship: you are most hot
and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I shall have gold
enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

Lord. It is, my lord.

Clot. I would the maskers and musicians were
come; I am advis'd to give her music a'mornings,
they say it will penetrate. [*A flourish.*]

Lord. Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come, let's join them. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, an open Place in the Palace.

Cloten, Lords, Singers, and Masters discover'd.

Clot. Come on, tune first a very excellent good
sweet thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with
inimitable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,

And Phœbus gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies:

And twinkling mury-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin;

My lady sweet, arise!

Arise, arise!

So, get you gone---if this penetrate, I will confi-
der your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice
in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor
the voice of unpay'd eunuch to boot, can never
amend. Come, now to our dancing; and if she's
immoveable with this, she is an immoveable prin-
cess, and not worth my notice. [*Knocks at her door.*]

A Dance.

Clot. Leave us to ourselves. [*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]
If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
I know her women are about her---What
if I do hint one of their hands---'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, off'st doth, yea, and makes
Diana's strangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person. Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains,
For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still,
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. Faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy.

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do;

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.

That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners;

But I, who know my heart, do here pronounce,
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,

(One bred of aims, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court) it is no contract; none.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom.

Clot. The south-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer In any respect, than all thou hast to boast of. How now! Pisanio! [*Missing her Bracelet.*]

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment! Now the devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment!

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,

Fretted, and angered worse——Go bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm——it was thy master's. Shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe! I do think,

I saw't this morning; confident I am,

Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it then---

Pis. I will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me---His meanest garment!-- I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother, too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd.

His meanest garment!--Well. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, a Chamber in Rome.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. FEAR it not, Sir; I would I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold her honour Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time, Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come: in those fear'd hopes, I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpay all I can do. By this your king Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius Will do's commission thoroughly. And I think He'll grant the tribute; or your countrymen, Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a war; they'll send no tribute: Our countrymen, the Britons, Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline, Now mingled with their courage, will make known To their approvers, they are people, such As mend upon the world; and more than that, They have a king, whose love and justice to them, May ask and have their treasures and their blood.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, Iachimo.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land; And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady,

Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty

Look thro' a casement to allure false hearts, And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. [*Posthumus reads the letters.*]

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the British court, When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then, But not approach'd.

Post. All is well, yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it.

I should have lost the worth of it in gold;

I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, as

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won,

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so early.

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant; had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question farther; but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring; and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent,

That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,

And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour, gains or loses

Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both,

To whom shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Must first induce you to believe; whose strength

I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

They need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber;

Where I confess I slept not, but profess

Had that was well worth watching; it was hang'd

With richest stuff, the colours blue and silver:

A piece of work

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive

In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true;

And this you might have heard of here, by him or me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney

Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece

Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves; the painting

Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,

Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

Which you might from relation likewise reap,

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'th' chamber

With golden cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t'her honour?

Let it be granted you have seen all this;

(Praise be your remembrance) the description

Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves

The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]
Be pale; I beg, but leave to air this jewel: see!—
And now 'tis up again.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her; that
She strip'd it from her arm, (I see her yet;)
Her pretty action did out-elf her gift,
And yet enrich'd it, too; she gave it me,
And laid the priz'd it, once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off, to lend it me.

Iach. She writes to to you? Doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true! Here, take this too,
[*Gives the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have patience, Sir!

And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
I may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her.

Post. Very true,

And so, I hope, he came by't; back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay keep the ring:—'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoyed her;
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore, thus
dearly.

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying; under her breast,
Where the preising, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
I kiss it. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.

Ne'er count the turns: once, and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing:

If you will swear you have not done't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'lt made her strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there, and do't i'th' court, before
Her father:—I'll do something—

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, without
These vipers, women? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. "Some coiner with his tools,
"Made me a counterfeit;" yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife,
The nonpareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—
That I thought her

As chaste as unsun'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour:—was't not?—
Or less: at first! Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full corn'd boar, a German one—
O, torture to my mind! Could I find out
The woman's part; in me? For there's no motion,
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability;
All faults that may be named, nay that hell knows:
Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even
to vice

They are not constant; but are changing still,
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Palace. [*A Flourish of Trumpets.*
Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords discovered.

Enter Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar was in Britain,
Cassibelan, thine uncle, did for him,
And his succession, grant to Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee, lately,
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clor. There may be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius: Britain's a world
By itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Tribute! Why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can
hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else,
Sir, no more tribute.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute, we were free. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
Cymbeline's enemy. War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us, a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards, in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you. And there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine. All the remain is welcome. *[Exit.*

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pis. How! of adultery! Wherefore write you not What monsters have accused her, Leonatus! Oh, master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thine ear! What false Italian, As poisonous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing? Dissual! No, She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master, Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes! How! That I should murder her, Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command!-----Her!-----Her blood!

If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity So much as this fact comes to? *Do's.*

[Reading the letter.

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give the opportunity. Damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee.-----Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus! Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer That knew the stars as I his characters; He'd lay the future open. You good gods, Let what is here contain'd, relish of love, Of my lord's health, of his content. Good wax, thy leave: blest be You bees that make these locks of counsel. Good news, gods!

Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes! Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, seat remains loyal to his vow, and you, increasing in love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plot it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then say, Pisanio, How far it is to this same blessed Milford? How may we steal from hence? Prythee speak, How many score of miles may we well ride, 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt fun and fun, Madam's enough for you: and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man, Could never go so slow: but this is foolery. Go, bid my women feign a sickness, say She'll home to her father; and provide me, present, A riding suit, no costlier than would fit A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me man, nor here, nor here; Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prythee, Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. *[Exit.*

SCENE, a Forest, with a Cave.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house with such Whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate Instructs you how to adore the heav'n; and bows you To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs Are arch'd to high that giants may get through, And keep their impious turbands on, without Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n! We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yon hill, Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider, When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off, And you may then revolve what tales I told you, Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war; That service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see; And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life Is nobler than attending for a check; Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble; Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk! Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine, Yet keep his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unflieg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know What air's from home. Haply this life is best, If quiet life is best; sweeter to you, That have a sharper known: well corresponding With your stiff age. But unto us it is A cell of ignorance; A prison for a debtor, that not dares To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,

When we are old as you? when we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how, In this, our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak!

-----But up to the mountains;

This is not hunter's language. He that strikes The venison first, shall be lord o'th' feast; To him the other two shall minister, And we will fear no poison which attends In place of greater state. Up, up, I'll meet you in the vallies. *[Exit Guid. and Arv.]* How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little they are sons to th' king, And Cymbeline dreams not they are alive. They think they are mine; and, tho' train'd up thus meanly,

I th' cave there on the brow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them, In simple and low things, to prince it much Beyond the trick of others. This Cadwall, (The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king, his father, call'd Arviragus) Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out Into my story, say, "thus mine enemy fell, "And, thus I set my foot on's neck," even then,

The princely blood flows in his cheek; he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Pala-
mour,

(Once Guiderius) is as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. [*A horn sounds.*]

Hark, the game is row'd—
O, Cymbeline! Heav'n and my conscience know
Thou did'st unjustly banish me, whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou wast fit me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse! they take thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave.
Myself Bellarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. [*Horn sounds again.*]
The game is up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, the Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;
I am right sorry, that I must report you
My master's enemy. I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lord, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit;
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but, from this time
I wear it as your enemy. [*forth,*]

Luc. Sir, the event

Yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
That we have given him cause. [*us,*]

Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like

A thing more made of malice than of duty;

We've noted it. Call her before us, for

We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit Lord.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
Time must do. Beseech your majesty,
To bear sharp speeches to her.

Re-enter Lord.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?

Lord. Please you, Sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
I pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,

As to constrain'd by her infirmity,

And should that duty leave unpaid to you,

Which daily she was bound to proffer. This

She wou'd me to make known: but our great court
Wou'd me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd!

Queen. Of late! Grant, Heavens, that which I fear
Is false! [*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say; follow the king.

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio, her old servant,
Have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Go, look after—

Pisanio, the that stand'st so for Posthumus!

He has a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Wood.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
The place

Was near at hand. O, where is Posthumus!

Say, good Pisanio? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? One but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me?

If it be summer news,

Smile to't before; if winter, thou need'st

But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craft'd him,

And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read

Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read,

And you shall find me wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of rash surmises, but from proof, as
strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my re-
venge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if
thy faith be not tainted with the breath of hers. Let
thine own hand take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunity, at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter
for the purpose: where, if thou fear'st to strike, and to
make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her
dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What, shall I need to draw my sword, the paper
Hath cut her throat, already? No, 'tis slender,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corpses of the world.

What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed! is't?

Pis. Alas! good lady!

Imo. I false! thy conscience witness, Iachimo;

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,

Thou then look'st like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,

Whose feathers were her painting, hath betray'd

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; [him:]

I must be ripe; to pieces with me. Oh,

Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,

By thy revolt, oh, husband, shall be thought

Put on for villainy!

Pis. Good Madam, hear me—

Imo. Come, fellow, be thou honest;

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,

A little witness my obedience. Look,

I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart——

Something's afore't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence.
What's here! [*Opening her breast.*]

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away.

[*Pulling his letter out of her bosom.*]
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls, first.

Imo. Wherefore, then, didst undertake it?
Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. Eut to win time
To lose fo' bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a couric. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a trumpet, and might ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan?

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it, for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court.

Imo. No court; no father.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide. Where then?
Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
There's living out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, you should tread a course,
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,

I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in your cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, and
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him so,
(If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. For means abroad
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning nor supply.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a phial glass,
What's in't is precious. If you are sick at sea,
Or stomach qualm'd at land, a taste of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And sit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I Love and hate her: For she's fair and royal,
I love her; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close, villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?

Clot. Where is she, Sir? satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't. I will pursue her,
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. [*Aside.*]
She's far enough, and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah,
if thou wouldst not be a villain, but to do me true
service; that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do

perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, one at my lodging, which he forgot to take with him; it was a favourite of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. She said, upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back, will I attack her; and when my appetite hath dined, to the court I'll foot her home again. My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! *[Exit.]*

SCENE, the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in Boy's Cloaths.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one! I have tired myself; and, for two nights together, have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, but that my resolution helps me. Milford, when from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, thou wast within a ken. Oh, Jove, I think foundations fly the wretched! such, I mean, where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie, that have afflictions on them? Yet no wonder, when rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in sufferings

rather than to lie for need; and falsehood is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord, thou art one o' th' false ones—now I think on thee, my hunger's gone, but even before I was at point to sink for food. But what is this?

[Seeing the Cave.]

Here is a path to't—'Tis some savage hold; were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, that is clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Peace and peace breed cowards, hardness ever hardness is mother. Ho! Who's here? of any thing that's civil, speak.

No answer: then I'll enter. I'll draw my sword; and if mine enemy fear my sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. A giant such a foe, good heav'ns.

[She goes into the Cave.]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best woodman, and are master of the feast; Cadwall and I will play the cook, and servant; come, our stomachs will make what's homely, favourily; weariness can more upon the slint, when resty sloth ends the down pillow hard. Now peace be here, for house, that keeps thyself.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay come not in— *[Looking in.]* But that it eats our victuals, I should think we were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or if not, an earthly paragon. Behold divineness, no sicker than a boy.

Enter Imogen, from the Cave.

Imo. Good master, harm me not; I entered here, I call'd, and thought

To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat; I would have left it on the board, so soon As I had made my meal, and parted thence With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth!

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt; As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have dy'd had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir: I have a kinsman who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair youth,

Think us not churls; nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encountered; 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it. Boys, bid him welcome.

Arv. I'll love him, as my brother:

And such a welcome as I'd give to him, After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome:

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,

[Aside.]

If brothers: would it had been so, that they Had been my father's sons! then had my prize Been less, and so more equal to thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free it!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger.

Bel. Hark, boys.

[Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,

[Aside.]

That had a court no bigger than this cave, That did attend themselves, and had the virtue Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by That nothing-gift of different multitudes, Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me, gods, I'd change my sex to be companion with them, Since Posthumus is false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in; Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd, We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, And morn to th' lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have map'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face, and all this done, I'll spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe; out, sword, and to a sore purpose; fortune put them into my hand; this is the

very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.

SCENE, the Cave.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave, We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here ;

Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well.

So please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick.

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here !

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health.---So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
have I heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court :

I am sick still, heart-sick---Pisano,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Drinks out of the Phial.

Guid. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field :

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you. [Exit.

Bel. This youth, how'er distressed, appears to have
Good ancestors. [had

Arv. How angel-like he sings ;

Guid. Yet do I note,

That grief and patience rooted in him both
Mingle their spurs together.

Bel. It is great morning, come away. Who's
there ?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates, that villain
Hath mock'd me. [Exit.

Bel. Those runagates !

Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'th' queen : I fear some ambush---
Guid. He is but one ! you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you away.
Let me alone with him. [Exit Bel. and Arv.

Re-enter Cloten.

Clot. Soft ; what are you
That fly me thus ? Some villain-mountaineers---
I've heard of such. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have
not I

An arm as big thee ? a heart as big ?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths ?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, who made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten ! then double villain be thy name ;
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to th' queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid ?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the
At fools I laugh ; not fear them. [wife]

Clot. Die the death :

When I have stain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, ruffick mountaineer. [Fights, and exeunt.

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad. [force]

Arv. None in the world ; you did mistake him,
Bel. No, time hath nothing blurr'd those lines
of ravour

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.

Bel. But see thy brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Saw to the queen, after his own report.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself ?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants.
It is not probable he'd come alone.

I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten,
That's all I care. [Exit]

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd :

Would, Paladour, thou had'st not done't : tho' valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele ! to gain his colour
I'd let a river of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit]

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys : they are as gentle
As zephyr blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet, as rough,

(Their royal blood enchain'd) as the rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown'd: yet still 'tis strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us!

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Paladour! it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear mother,
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter Arviragus.

Bel. Look, here he comes:
And brings the dire occasion in his looks,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have slept from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh, sweetest, fairest lily!
And art thou gone, my poor Fidele!

Bel. What, is he dead? how found you him?

Arv. Stark—smiling as some fly had tickled
slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor.

I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less. For
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And tho' he came our enemy, remember
He paid for that: our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince. Go, bring your lily.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

Oh! melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound the bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might easiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing,
Love knows what man thou might'st have made,
but oh!

Thou dy'st, a most rare boy of melancholy.

Enter Guiderius and Arviragus, with the Bodies.
Come, let us lay these bodies each by each,
And strew 'em o'er with flow'rs; and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive 'em.

Arv. Sweet Fidele!

Fear no more th' heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust.

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*]

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! My queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! Her son gone,
So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, set it at your will.

1 Lord. Good, my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Lord Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
He will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

2 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen:
I am amaz'd with matter; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us; we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but

We grieve at chances here—Away— [Exeunt.]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain; 'tis strange!
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note of th' king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let 'em be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exe.*]

SCENE, a Forest.

Imogen and Cloten on a Bank strew'd with Flowers.

Imogen awakes:

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?—
I thank you—by yon bush—pray how far thither?—
'Ods pittikins—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow—Oh gods, and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world:
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures.

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye; oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of my Pothurgus!
I know them well, this is his hand—
Murdered—Pisano!

'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. Pisano!—
How should this be, Pisano!—'Tis he!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisano's deed, and Cloten's deed.

Oh, my lord! my lord! [Lies down upon the body.]

C.

Enter Lucius and Captains.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stir'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Soft, ho! what trunk is here.

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that, some time,

It was a worthy building. How! a page! —

Or dead or sleeping on him? but dead rather:

For nature doth abhor to make his bed

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems

They crave to be demanded: who is this

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,

Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton, and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!

There are no more such masters!

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

Thy master in bleeding. Say thy name, good friend?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith;

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

No less belov'd. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir: but first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the fowls, as deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when

With wild wood-leaves, and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers

(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;

And leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,

And rather father thee, than master thee. My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us

Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,

And make him, with our pikes and partizans,

A grave. Boy, he is prefer'd

Ey thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes;

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Bring him along. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE, a Forest. A March at a Distance.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Arv. THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going; newness

Of Cloten's death, we being not known, nor master'd

Among the hands, may drive us to a reader
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army: and, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves.

Guid. Pray, Sir, to the army;
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison
I am aham'd to look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown —

Guid. By heav'n's, I'll go!
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you fret
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie.

SCENE, a Field between the British and Roman Camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee;

I wilt

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married one
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than yourselves
For wringing but a little? Oh, Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands —
No bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I am
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd

The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.

But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace
I'll give no wound to thee; therefore, good heart

Hear patiently my purpose; I have conceal'd
My Italian weeds, under this semblance
Of a British peasant; so I'll fight

Against the part I come with: so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus unknown,

Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Hark! hark! I'm call'd.

Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin

The fashion. Less without, and more within.

SCENE, a Field of Battle.

Grand Fight between the Romans and Britons;
The Romans are drove off.

Poethumus and Iachimo, fighting. Iachimo
drops his sword.

Pis. Or yield thee, Roman, or thou dy'st!

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Pis. No, take thy life, and mend it. [Ex. Post.

Iach. The heaviness and sin within my bosom
takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,
the princess of this country, and the air on't
creakingly enfeebles me; or could this earlie,
very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
my profession: knighthoods and honours, borne
I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
With heav'n against me, what is sword or shield!
My guilt, my guilt, o'erpowers me, and I yield.

[Exit.

SCENE, a Wood.

Enter Pisanio, and 1st Lord.

1st Lord. This is a day turn'd strangely.

1st Lord. I did: thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did:

1st Lord. Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Pis. I did.

1st Lord. No blame to you, Sir; for all was lost,
that the heav'n's fought; the king himself
his wings destitute, the army broken,
and but the backs of Britons seen: all flying
through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
slaying the tongue with slaughtering, struck down
some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
heavily through fear; that the straight pass was
damn'd.

1st Lord. Dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
with lengthen'd shame.

Pis. Where was this lane?

1st Lord. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
an honest one, I warrant: Athwart the lane,
with two stripling lads, more like to run
the country, base, than to commit such slaughter;
the good the passage; cry'd to the fliers, Stand!
we are Romans, and will give you that,
the beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
to look back in frown: Stand, stand! There
were three.

1st Lord. Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth, in a poor rustic habit,
but stood the front with them. These matchless
four,

accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks,
at home, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd
cowards,

by example, gan to look

the way that they did, and to grin like lions

upon the pikes o' th' hunter. Then began

the chase; a retire: anon

confusion thick; and the event,

victory for us.

1st Lord. This was strange chance!

1st Lord. A bold man, two boys, and a poor rustic.

Pis. Nay, do not wonder---but go with me, and
see these wonders, and join the general joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Wood.

Enter Poethumus.

Pis. To-day, how many would have given their
honours

to have sav'd their carcases? Took heed to do't,
and yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
could not find death where I did hear him groan,
to feel him where he struck. This ugly monster

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministration than we
That draw his knives i' th' war. Well, I will find
him:

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the varriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is,

On either side. For me, my ransom's death:

O grievous is this burden, life, to me;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But cast it off, to meet my Imogen. [Exit.

SCENE, Cymbeline's Tent. A Flourish.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,

(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Step'd before shields of proof) cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so.

Ecl. I never saw

Such noble fury, in so poor a thing.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.

[To Bel. Guid. and Arv.

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are: Report it?

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;

Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise, my knights o' th' battle, I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you

With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners.

Leontatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute! That

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made

suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:

So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war: the day

Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,

We should not, when the blood was cool, have

threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't. And so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will intreat: my boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd;

He hath done no Briton harm,

Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;

His favour is familiar to me. Boy,

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

I know not why, nor wherefore:

To say, live, boy, ne'er thank thy master, live;

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it.
Know'st him thou look'st on? Speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness, who being born your
Am something nearer. [vaſſal,

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.

[*Go aſide.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arw. One ſand another

Not more reſembles, than he th' ſweet roſy lad
Who dy'd, and was Fidele: what think you?

Guid. The ſame dead thing, alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, ſee farther.

Pif. It is my miſtreſs:

[*Aſide.*

Since ſhe is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth; [*Tolach.*
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this thing.

Pof. What's that to him! [*Aſide, wandering.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger; ſay,
How came it yours?

Jach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Jach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou diſt baniſh.

Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Jach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave---I faint---

[*Swoons.*

Cym. My daughter; what of her? Renew thy
ſtrength;

I had rather thou ſhould'ſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.

Jach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour) it was Rome, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt; oh would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head: the worthy Poſt-
humus---

Cym. I ſtand on fire: Come, to the matter.

Jach. Your daughter's chaſtity; there it begins.
He ſpoke of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wage'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of ſ's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught,
By your chaſte daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt arſe, and villainous.

to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,

That I return'd with ſimilar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit: Whereupon,
Methinks I ſee him now---

Pof. Ay, ſo thou doſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! Ah me, moſt credulous fool;
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come!—Oh, give me cord, knife, or poiſon
Some upright juſticer! Thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious. I am Poſthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter; that kill'd my wife!
Villain like, I lye;

That cauſ'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of Virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe herſelf.——
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'th' ſtreet to bait me: every villain
Be call'd Poſthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy leſſer than 'twas. Oh, Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! Oh, Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear---

Pof. Away---thou ſcornful page, there is
peace for me. [*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Pif. Oh, gentlemen! help
Mine and your miſtreſs---Oh, my lord Poſthumus
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now---Help, help,
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pof. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Pif. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

Pof. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
Till the tree die.

Cym. My child! my child!
My deareſt Imogen!

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you
You had a motive for't. [*not*

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee. Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where. [*him*

Guid. Let me end the ſtory; 'twas I that ſlew
Cym. The gods foreſeek!

I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: prythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A moſt unſeemly one! The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea
If it could ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here,
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king!

This man is better than the man he ſlew;
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee:
Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Bellarius, whom you some time banish'd;
Your pleasure was, at once, my offence, my punish-

ment
Itself, and all my treason. These gentle princes,
For such and so they are, these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have that I
Could put into them. But, gracious Sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world,
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To inlay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st:
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons. Arviragus had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wife nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I!
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more: blest may you be;
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. Oh, Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:

I have got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met! Oh never say, hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. All e'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Pos. I am, Sir,

The soldier that did company these three,
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:

[*Kneels.*]

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. But your ring, first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith: now take that life,
Beseech you, which I so often owe.

Pos. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the gods!
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils,
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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